

The setting: Salem, Mass.

Year: 1692

“Where is my wood? My contract provides I be supplied with all my firewood.”

“Abby, you’ll put it out of mind. I’ll not be comin’ for you more.”

“I have 11 children, I am 26 times a grandma, and I have seen them all through their silly seasons....”

“She hates me, uncle, she must, for I would not be her slave. It’s a bitter woman.... And I will not work for such a woman!”

“Rev. Parris, I have laid seven babies unbaptized in the earth, Believe me, sir, you never saw more hearty babies born.”

“You will tell the court how that poppet come here and who stuck the needle in.”

“I’ll not be ordered to bed no more, Mr. Proctor! I am 18 and a woman, however single!”

“And yet, when people accused of witchery confronted you in court, you would faint, saying their spirits came out of their bodies and choked you.”

“Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mr. Parris!”

“But you must understand, sir, that a person is either with this court or he must be counted against it, there be no road between.”

“I have always wanted to ask a learned man- what signifies the readin’ of strange books?”

“Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life...I have given you my soul; leave me my name!”

“Great stones they lay upon his chest until he plead aye or nay. They say he give them but two words. “More weight!”

“Let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word, about the other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you.”

“I do not judge you. The magistrate sits in your heart that judges you.”